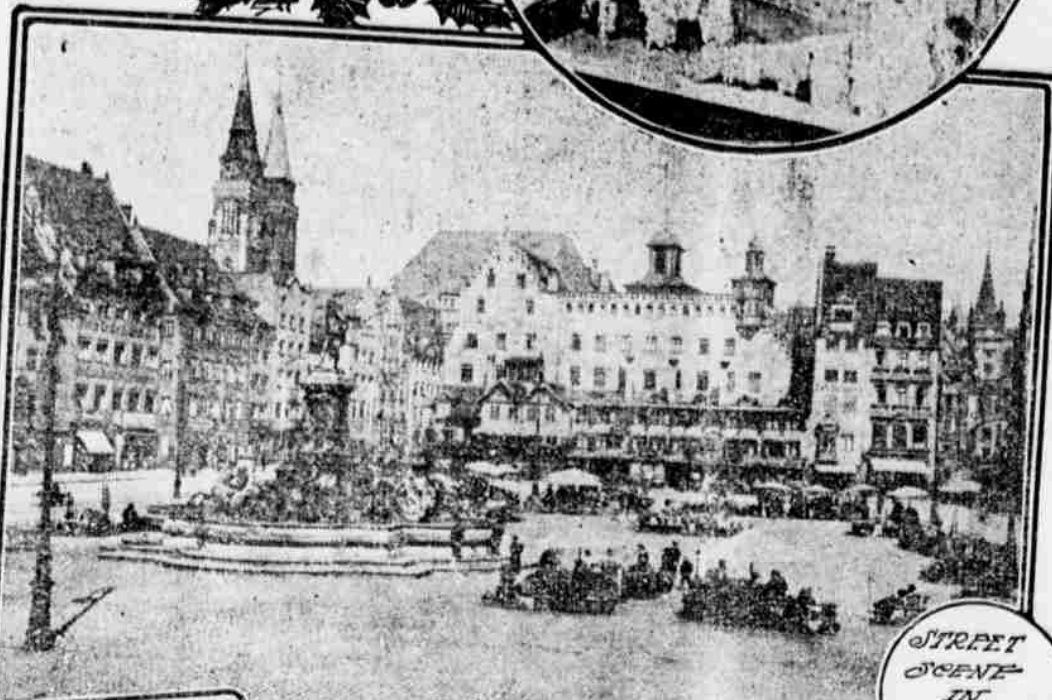


# Village of Christmas

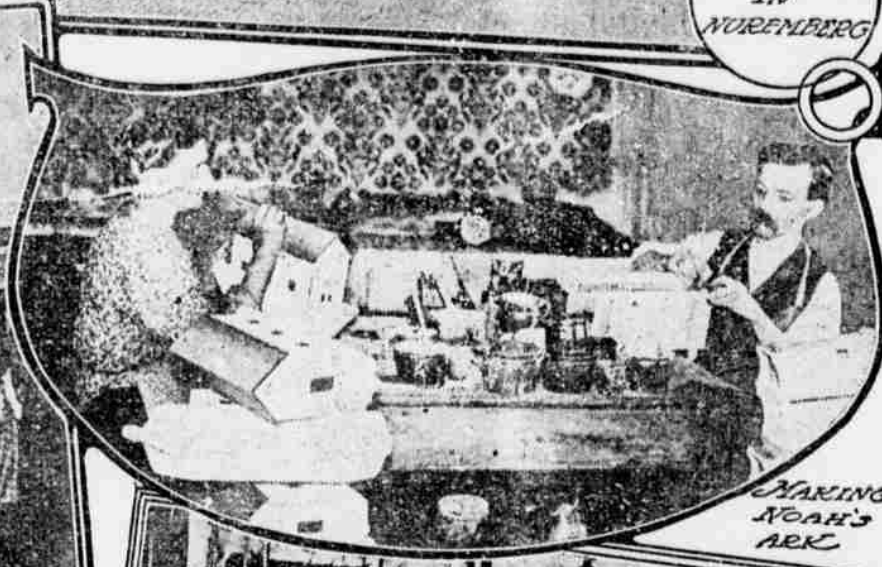
and bustle of busy streets, alive at the year with the spirit of old Germany, where Santa Claus is making months for the world's children—this is not too great an ambition nor its goal as a study. Come to the crowded streets, the stores, leave your time being your own after that "last present," and the irregular streets older than any in the United States. The history as romantic as our city streets, and single-hearted modern. It is here you buy in your home the completeness of the unadorned and perfected children. You read the skeptical tilt of the that by far, the



STREET SCENE IN NUREMBERG



PUTTING HAIR ON DOLL'S HEADS



MAKING YEAR'S AHEAD



SCENE IN TOY WORKSHOP

greater number of all the toys manufactured come from Nuremberg.

The ancient feudal city, around which cluster the grim traditions of the inquisition and the thrilling epic of the times of Charles V., has for four hundred years or more been the center of the children's fairyland. It has been and is the nucleus of Christmas happiness for the youth of every place in the Occident, and its charm is the perpetual one of joyous creation which delights in planning the amusement of little people.

In the factories they will tell you that 72,000,000 marks (\$18,000,000) worth of pleasure is sent out from Nuremberg every year, and that \$5,500,000 of this export is for the benefit of Young America. Only a few years ago all of the necessary labor for this immense production was done by hand, and much of the finishing and fine last touches are performed by special artists. Even now in the factories the old spirit of an almost consecrated enthusiasm lives and is evident in the interest of the village artisans for their craft. Not merely the reason of bread and butter goes toward the making of those marvelous walking dolls, those phenomenal speaking picture books, those thousand and one games that have called for all the imaginative as well as practical genius of these honest German peasant folk. Rather has their unique industry called for and developed in them a romance, a sensitiveness of perception which is remarkable.

Follow the lurching, worn curves of the Albrecht-Dürerstrasse, and you come to one of the many homes of this Nuremberg spirit. In a miniature red-roofed house, wedged in among a hundred squat brown huts, live two old men—brothers, of sixty-five and seventy—whose white heads are constantly bent over small circles of wood—shaping, paring, carving, painting.

All day they sit there, sometimes all night, toiling over the delicately ornamented dolls' dishes which perhaps you have bought, as a small insignificant thing, just this afternoon for your small daughter's tree.

You looked at them carelessly; they were not especially original or attractive, and you shoved them into your bag with a half-hesitating acceptance, thinking that maybe they would please capricious Dorothy. How could you know that back in the village of Always Christmas old hands had fashioned those trivial plates and pitchers, old eyes had strained with loving anxiety over those fine traceries of columbine, and old hearts had warmed over those completed trifles with the same thrill of the master painter over his best?

But this was true. Indeed, nearly all of the simple wooden toys are constructed by hand, in some humble folkshouse which goes to make up the aggregate creative force of Santa Claus' workshop. Take the tiny sets of soldiers, the doll's chairs and tables, the painted wooden animals whose realism is a delight to all children, actual or grown up. These are fashioned in homes, sometimes by the efforts of whole families, but most often by children themselves.

Sixteen is the age limit for child labor in the factories, but no young person is prohibited from assisting his parents at home, provided he spends the required period of time at school. So that many of those playthings which give most happiness to the children of America have been made by the children of Nuremberg. And if babies must work, what work could one find for them more appropriate or more pleasurable than

this business of toy-making. They grow up in the midst of it, all their hereditary ideas are colored by it, the history of the city speaks of it.

Inside of half a dozen blocks you have trains, up-to-date hotels, electricity, motor cars, Parisian frocks, primitive carts drawn by huge mastiffs, funny tucked-away inns near the market place full of peasant women in wide black silk aprons and snowy white caps—crumbly fountains and a castle with a secret passage. All the elements of the fascinating past and the strangely progressive present within a stone's throw of each other. The realization of all that Nuremberg has been and has undergone comes to one most vividly as one stands looking down into the Schloss well 650 feet deep, where prisoners used to come to fetch water. Underground their passage led from the dungeons to this unlit circular pool, for state prisoners were never permitted to see the light, and the hollow splash of the water which the attendant drops into the well seems to re-echo, after an interminable half-minute, the hopeless pilgrimage of those countless victims of medieval fanaticism. Such is the potency of the ended. While the vitality of the occurring emphasizes itself, not far off, in one of the dozens of toy factories, whose very machinery whirs modernity, men, women and children—that is, children over sixteen—are massed into this building, all intent on the one idea, the creation of better and newer and more wonderful toys for everyone's children, in everyone's country.

It is seldom the industrial planet can boast of a broader ambition than this of the craftsmen of Nuremberg. To bring the greatest possible amount of pleasure, legitimate and often educative pleasure, to growing, active minds is surely an aim worthy of the finest art in the world. It even seems as though the thought back of the toys should surround them with a deeper meaning—the gifts this Christmastide, since the added gift—the biggest gift—lies in the patient interested invention and accomplishment of which they are the exponent.

As for the inventors, strictly speaking, their reward seems infinitesimal according to our standards. The "boss" controls ideas as well as materials of output, and it is chiefly to his profit that new inventions in toyland redound. The man or woman who first thinks of or improves upon some plaything gets a very small per cent. of the income from it. To our new world standards of commerce it seems strange that the originator should receive such scant recognition and that without grumbling.

Very, very few Nuremberg toymakers have ever grown rich over their ingeniousness. It is true that ideas as well as toys in Germany sell for double what they sold for eight years ago, even! On the other hand the price of living has gone up appreciably, and what would have seemed a large purchase price then is only moderate now.

The staff of artists employed by the Nuremberg factory boss is in itself a not inconsiderable expense, and many a quiet charity is undertaken by these men who at home would be absorbed in getting rich. In the shop of Fritz Muller are

various small kitchen gardens, carved and painted by a poor man and his sister after their regular working hours, and bought by Mr. Muller at high rates as his pet philanthropy. In this shop, now 100 years old, are seen all of the most novel of the toy-village playthings. The store was crowded with more children over thirty than under thirteen, and absorbed for hours over the clever and quaint attractions.

The doll's house of Nuremberg leaves nothing to be desired. Not only the usual rooms of a conventional menage are found in it, but conservatories with miniature orchids, fountains and watering cans; school rooms with tiny desks, a schoolmaster, very stern, with goggles and ruler, and children in aprons and carrying slates, the latter a sixteenth of an inch big; fields of flowers for the back yard and a swing for the smallest doll.

In all German art, of which toy making is by no means an insignificant department, perfection of detail has always been the salient feature. Every phase of home life is reproduced in microscopic form in German toyland, even down to the wee pairs of hand-knitted stockings and sweaters, the hob-nailed shoes and blue blouses which make up the wardrobe of the folks boy and girl.

The tourist season is a second Christmas for Nuremberg people, and they sell as many playthings in the one period as the other. An interesting point brought to light by this fact is the early differentiation of the American and European individuality, which shows itself in choice of games and pastimes. They say in the shops that an American child is invariably fascinated over the mechanical and complicated, that he finds intense interest in mastering the technicalities even of playing, while the European child likes a simpler but brilliantly colored toy, cherishing often a curious sentiment for traditional objects such as typify old world conservatism.

They are blessed with imagination, these village people, and they are not ashamed of showing their simplicity of spirit. Their souls are bound up in the heritage of centuries. The tragedies of their city's history wind about the toys they make, breathing into the wood a characteristic vitality—the vitality that comes of centuries of striving, of centuries of patient achievement.

As you sit in a swirl of red ribbon and foamy paper, "doing up" your Christmas presents, remember that many of them have come from this quaint little Village of Always Christmas. It may add to your holiday happiness to know that no pleasure which the toys may bring can be greater than the pleasure of those who made them, and that no good will of yours can outdo the quiet sincerity of purpose with which the simple people of Nuremberg have given their part toward this season of the universal gift.

## OLDEST QUAKER CIT' HOUSE

Residence Erected in Philadelphia in the Year 1692 is Still Standing.

Philadelphia. — Although Philadelphia is known as the "City of Homes" and contains many public buildings of historic renown, the number of residences of the seventeenth century now standing are comparatively few. One of the reasons for the disappearance of the old landmarks is the fact that many of the old residential sections of the city have been transformed into business localities and the old structures have given place to modern office buildings and business houses. It is a curious fact that the oldest house in Philadelphia, and the only residence of size in the city with gable ends facing on the street, stands at American and Ionic streets, in the



Philadelphia's Oldest House.

very heart of the business and wholesale section bounded by Chestnut and Walnut, and Second and Third streets.

While this house is generally recognized as the oldest dwelling in the city, the exact date of its construction is not known. There are two bricks in the walls which are scratched with dates. One of them is inscribed "1701," while the other indistinctly bears figures "1692." It is upon the last figures that the claim of antiquity is based and the various historical societies of the city are convinced that the belief is correct.

Although no effort has been made by the various historical societies or the city to preserve it, the old building is in good condition, and from present indications, it looks as though it could withstand the buffeting of another century. The walls bear no cracks, and the plaster which holds the bricks together hardly shows its two centuries of wear. The joists of the two floors are solid and must have been of exceptionally well seasoned timber originally. In only two rooms has the flooring been renewed, and this was done when they were combined to make more room for the present tenant.

From all that can be learned the house has been in constant use since its construction, and its various tenants have from time to time brought the interior of the house up to modern ideas excludes the possibility of divulging any idea of the interior decorations of the colonial days. Very little is known of its former tenants, except that it was once the residence of Samuel Mickel, in 1735. He was the man who talked so discouragingly to Benjamin Franklin when he advanced the project of setting up a printing office in the city.

## FAMOUS WAR ARTIST IS DEAD

Melton Prior Represented the Illustrated London News in 24 Campaigns and Revolutions.

London, Eng.—Melton Prior, who died recently, held the remarkable record of having served his paper, the Illustrated London News, as correspondent and artist in 24 campaigns and revolutions. There was no part of the world, civilized or savage, that was not familiar to him. He was acquainted with the prairies of the west, the pampas of South America, the jungles of Africa, the steppes of Russia, the rugged



Melton Prior.

sternness of Central Asian plateaus, and he knew Corea and Japan as well as the country of Kent or Devonshire. He began his experiences as a war artist and correspondent in the Ashante campaign of 1873. He was in the Russo-Turkish war, the desperate struggle between Russia and Japan and the Boer fight for freedom in South Africa. He was an artist of ability and faithful in his delineation of characters and scenes.

## Helps Explain Mine Accidents.

Washington. — Recent experiments have proved conclusively that coal dust which has been ground to a state so fine that it will pass a 200-mesh sieve will explode from contact with either a naked flame or with the arc of an electric current.

## CURE THAT COLD TODAY



"I would rather preserve the health of a nation than be its ruler."—MUNYON.

Thousands of people who are suffering with colds are about today. Tomorrow they may be prostrated with pneumonia. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Get a 25 cent bottle of Munyon's Cold Cure at the nearest drug store. This bottle may be conveniently carried in the vest pocket. If you are not satisfied with the effects of the remedy, send us your empty bottle and we will refund your money. Munyon's Cold Cure will speedily break up all forms of colds and prevent grippe and pneumonia. It checks discharges of the nose and eyes, stops sneezing, allays inflammation and fever, and tones up the system. If you need Medical Advice, write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and advise you by mail, absolutely free. Prof. Munyon, 534 and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

## TWO OF A KIND.



Dobbins—Is there a list of millionaires published?

Bronson—Not that I know of, but you can probably get a list of the fellows who dodge their taxes.

## Sense of Taste.

From a series of experiments recently made at the University of Kansas it is evident that the average person can taste the bitter of quinine when one part is dissolved in 52,000 parts of water. Salt was detected in water when one part to 640 of the liquid was used. Sugar could be tasted in 228 parts of water and common soda in 48. In nearly all cases women could detect a smaller quantity than men.

## Russia's Growing Population.

This year's census of the Russian empire adds another five millions to the population as enumerated in 1908. The czar's subjects now number 160,000,000 and increase every year by 2,500,000 despite wars, epidemics and internal disturbances. As there is no lack of cultivated soil in Russia there seems no reason why this big annual increase should not continue.

## Why Kick?

Louis Wisna, the Newark artist, wore a gloomy look on his usually cheerful face.

"It has just struck me," he said to Charles Strasse, "that my shoes don't cost me as much as my youngster's."

"Then what are you complaining about?" asked Strasse.

## A Long Chance.

"I took a long chance when I asked her to marry me."

"She rejected you, eh?"

"No, that was the long chance I took. She accepted me."

## To Oblige Him.

Mr. Dorkins—You're always bound to have the last word, anyway.

Mrs. Dorkins—Yes; that's because you always wait to hear me say it.

**Gives Breakfast  
Zest and  
Relish  
Post  
Toasties**

A sweet, crisp, wholesome food made of Indian Corn, ready to serve right from the box with cream and sugar.

**Flavoury  
Delicious  
Economical  
"The Memory Lingers"**

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Battle Creek, Mich.